


Soldiers of the Soil



1942-1945



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The National Farm School...

Entre . . .



"With faith in thy grace we enter thy house,
With awe we bow down before thee—".
To Dr. Krauskopf, as we pass thru his gates
We say this with utmost sincerity.

Look about on new green fields,
Far from the steel and stone;
Away from the ghetto of human tears —
This the soil is our home.

Leave behind the time-worn city
With its ugly sunless days;
"And enter his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise."



Dedication . . .



It had been the will of our classmen who are serving in the many war services of our country to dedicate their senior year book to Mr. Schmieder.

So, too, has it been willed by those who have remained behind, and have been fortunate enough to have had him give us the impetus to reason, and question.

No words can possibly describe vividly enough the character of this man. One must see him, meet him, speak with him; for Mr. Schmieder is a philosophic scientist whose wisdom and love for nature have imbued us with similar ideas.

He will remain in our minds always as the personification of knowledge.



Headquarters...



This war has served The National Farm School great inconveniences as it has probably every other institution in America.

With Dr. Louis Nusbaum, President; William O. Strong, Dean; Samuel B. Samuels, Purchasing agent and Sports Coach; Irwin Klein, Social Director; and Miss E. M. Belfield, Secretary to the President; at the helm, this school has weathered the roughest storm in its existence.

The job of training students while producing more for the national emergency became quite a task and a new set of standards had to be drawn to apply to the younger group of boys entering the Farm School's gates.

This meant younger students and therefore more time in which to instruct them, and the return to the original curriculum of half-day work and half-day classes. Both were done with equal efficiency and production of farm products and livestock mounted.

Dr. Nusbaum, in spite of his gigantic job, has never refused audience with any student, nor refused to discuss current school problems. He has done much for the students to build morale and better student-administration relations.

Mr. Samuels has always acted as mentor for student organization and business problems; and for special activity arrangements. He has served as go-between the Alumni Association and the Student body.

Mr. Klein as Social Director, holds a position which is that of an axis between two extremes and consequently finds himself bearing the brunt of both sides of conflicts.

Miss Belfield, whose duties as Secretary are many and varied, has little relationship with the student body. However, those who come in contact with her find her to be congenial, pleasant and charming.

Department Heads...



Amid the shelves of learning and under the roof of ideals stand the mentors of the students and staff of the school.

Farm School students have always enjoyed a close fellowship and friendly intercourse with the faculty, but have never been in a more favorable position, due to our currently diminished numbers. Each senior was placed in a position to receive personal and individual instruction from his department head. Very often faculty members graciously gave of their own personal time, and worked assiduously toward the improvement of the students and the school.

Most of our faculty serve a dual purpose, since they must produce in the fields as well as teach in the classrooms. They must take into consideration the various age groups, abilities and eccentricities of the present student body.

We work side by side with our instructors in the fields, and in the classrooms we delve into the theory of those operations which we just recently performed. We are all cognizant of the meritorious service which they have rendered, and the personal interest they have shown to develop us into trained agriculturists.

Department Associates...



Most of us are cognizant of the fact that in these momentous days of world strife most schools in the nation are operating with less than one fifth of their normal student body.

So it is with Farm School, but we are confronted with an entirely different situation. We are an agricultural institution whose policy has always been to produce food as well as teach the students the theory involved in its production.

The shortage of students in these abnormal times necessitated the employment of extra labor to increase our output of sorely needed produce. The administration of the school quickly came to the realization of this fact and immediately commenced employing the necessary manpower—department associates.

A shrinking percentage of the student population together with the associates succeeded in the harvesting of bumper crops these past seasons. They could be seen working many hours past the time during which they would normally attend to their personal problems, in order to save some food commodity from becoming overripe or from spoiling due to untimely rain.

We are glad to say that they took a sincere interest and aided our great productive achievements, thereby contributing greatly to the war effort.

Metamorphosis...

'43



'44





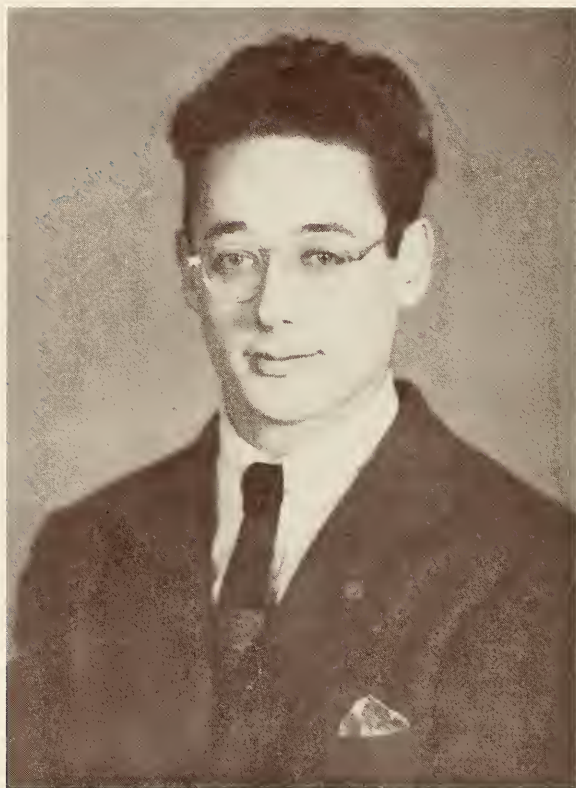
Presenting . . .

Six we stand—The Senior Class
We're ready to meet the world.
Each now faces his lifetime path
That lies to the future,—unfurled.

"Hardened in the furnace of affliction
And molded on the anvil of adversity —"
Resolute we face our fate,
Whose lips are curled in perversity.

Our heads are clear, bright and strong;
Our hands are customed and steady.
Fling wide the gates unto the world . . .
We are waiting, . . . ready!

Lee Bernstein...



Cedar...

Lee is a quiet sort of a fellow, thoughtful and unassuming. He is gay and facetious; he is pensive and irritable, he is sharp-witted and he is dull. He can be "arbitrary" and he can be obstinate. He is diplomatic, yet tactless, at times. In short he is probably the most unpredictable senior among us.

There is one ideal which he reveres—"Might is Right." Perhaps the Sophists have made too great an impression upon the strongman of the class.

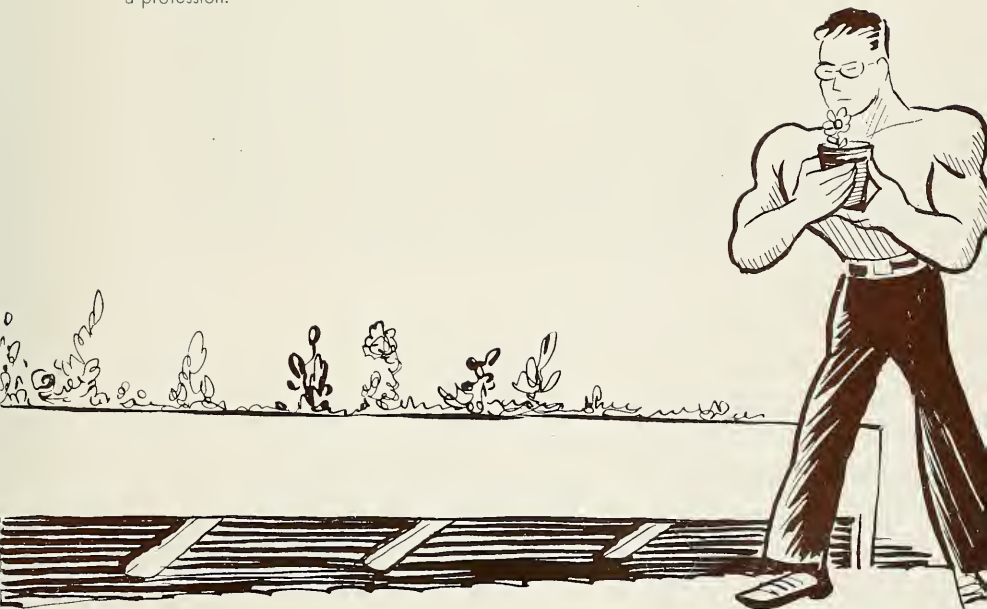
For the first two years at Farm School Lee was busy manipulating his muscles, and playing the veritable wolf among the "fair" sex. But with the seriousness of the senior year, Cedar dropped his weights and took to the pen. The first Gleaner issue for the 1945 year is indeed indebted to him for the most part of the literary work.

By consolidating his business abilities, nerviness, and stubbornness, the Gleaner was reimbursed by several new and unexpected ads. The student band and Council is another of Lee's achievements.

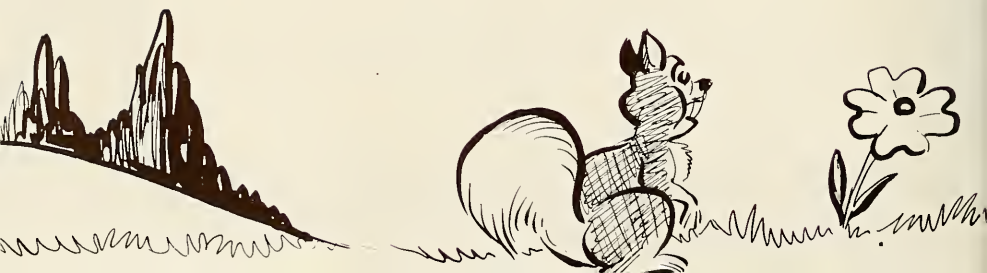
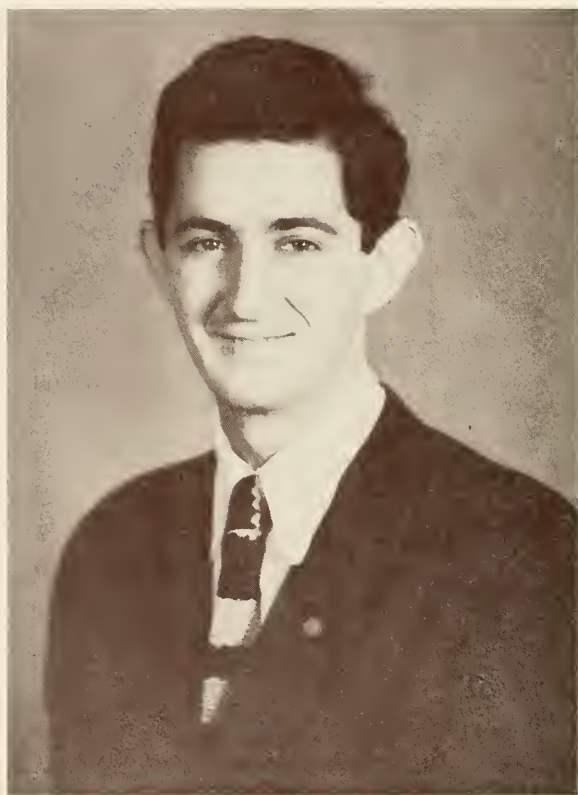
One of his favorite past-times is the study of Greek Philosophy and the development of his already large vocabulary. His working knowledge of the art of Ju-Jitsu is renowned. Here is truly the example where brains and body development are being intensified with equal stress.

Thesaurus under one arm, a list of botanical nomenclature tucked in his back pocket, an un-abridged dictionary, two pencils and a razor-sharp knife added to his personal attire—he can be seen working diligently cutting flowers in one of our greenhouses. Lee is a very prudent fellow, having his entire educational life planned to the finest detail. Forming a coalition with Solomon, together they intend to matriculate at Ohio State University.

Our good luck to you Lee, and we are certain that not only will you remain in agriculture, but you will be a credit to any ramification of so great and divisible a profession.



Alvin Danenberg...



Zeke...

The train jerked to a stop and out onto the cinder platform stepped the lad from the Middle West.

When the rest of the class had met him, they decided that he was such a unique thing that he should be the first class president and sit where they could all study him without any over-bearing interest. After the first experience he never became president again!

Just as everyone was getting used to the new way of life, Baseball season opened and this lad could be seen throwing himself into a sore arm while Coach Samuels called the curses of heaven down upon his curly head for not throwing a straight ball. The "Gleaner" also captivated his interest, and soon thereafter the magazine was "peppered" with his unmistakable style.

"Ike" served as Freshman and Junior football manager, watching his team score two successive undefeated seasons. When football again opened in his Senior year with all its gory glory, "Zeke" was made Co-captain of the fourteen man team. And once again the "fighting hearts" finished the season with an unbeaten score.

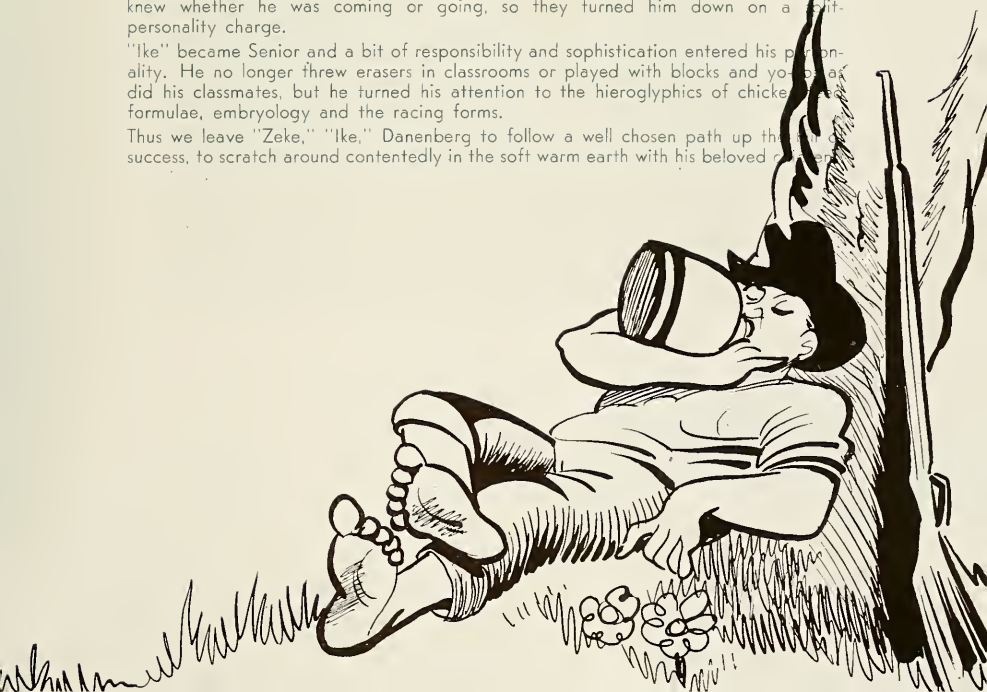
He and his colleague did a very fine job in the poultry department where they spent their last year at school. It was hard work and the department saw many disheartening accidents befall them.

When the most beautiful Spring of the three years brought Baseball to the limelight, it found "Zeke" behind the plate for the first time. This change of positions pleased the "Gods" and no longer did the wrath of heaven befall his head.

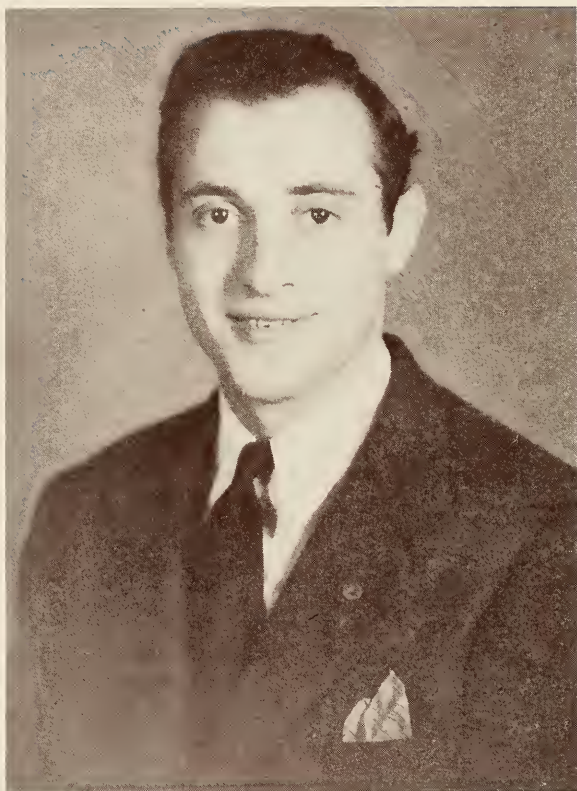
When the draft board asked him if he would kindly come to a little shin-dig in Allentown, Penna., at his earliest convenience, "Zeke" agreed. They turned him down, however, because of schizophrenia. He spent most of his jolly hours impersonating everyone in school, writing dizzy songs and plays, and crazy poems. He never knew whether he was coming or going, so they turned him down on a split-personality charge.

"Ike" became Senior and a bit of responsibility and sophistication entered his personality. He no longer threw erasers in classrooms or played with blocks and yodels as did his classmates, but he turned his attention to the hieroglyphics of chicken formulae, embryology and the racing forms.

Thus we leave "Zeke," "Ike," Danenberg to follow a well chosen path up the hill of success, to scratch around contentedly in the soft warm earth with his beloved chickens.



Irv Handlesman...



Hammer...

Irv is probably the most difficult person to write about. He was in so many activities and held so many positions in the school that one hardly knows where to begin.

During the first year he worked himself into the upperclassmen clique, and showed only partial interest in his kinsman class. But with the event of the Senior year, Irv buckled down to class and school activities with such interest and diligence that he immediately became known as the class statesman.

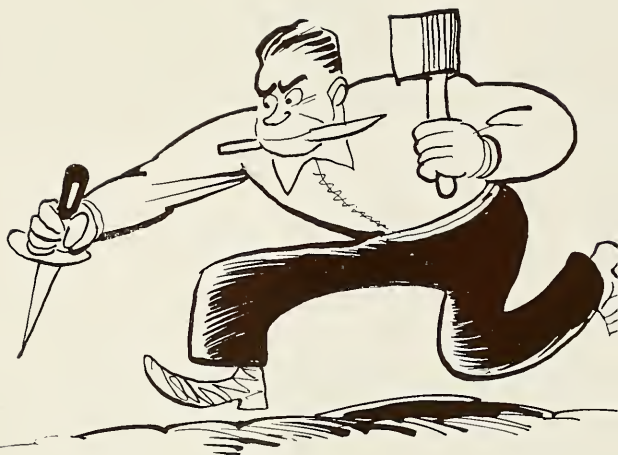
Although he still needs a good deal of polishing and smoothing of the rough edges, no one will deny that this inherent characteristic (diplomacy) is second to none.

And, these natural resources being recognized, he was voted president of the Council and Varsity Club and Head Waiter.

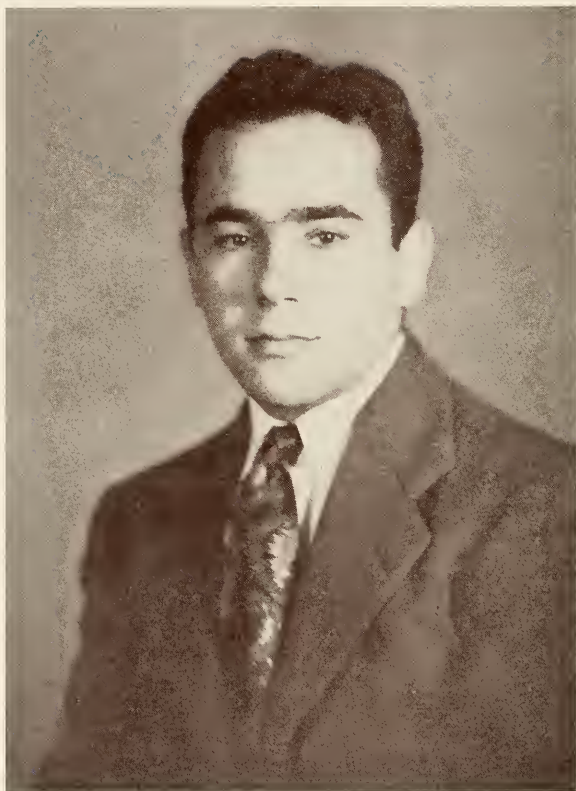
Irv has majored in Poultry Husbandry and has done well in the department despite the distracting influences of the many extra-curricular activities in which he partook. He played Varsity football for two years and the last year saw him co-captain of the team.

Hammer is not a "fly-by-night," no, he is prudent and discrete. His plans to develop his New York farm into a poultry enterprise have been carefully reviewed, and the termination of the war will find him on the brink of his practical agricultural career.

After all his wanderings we believe that Irv has finally found someone to share his life and fortune. Perhaps we are one step ahead of ourselves, perhaps we are only speculating, but nevertheless we wish you, Irv, all the good fortune in the world.



Ralph Moritz...



Shrimp...

Coming along the road one day, I perchanced upon a huge pile of mail on a red wheel-barrow. I followed it just to satisfy my curiosity.

They took away the mail and what was left? A beard! They took away the beard and what was left? A face! And who did the face belong to? Ralph "Shrimp" Moritz!

People with good natures always make the world more pleasant for everyone. And so it is with Ralph. He is always laughing and smiling. Even on extremely cold days one could hear him singing as he swung to and fro on top of icy branches clipping at random to the rhythm of his song.

"Ralphy" is a Landscape major and the equipment for his work consists of G. A.'s clippers, Poultry's pruning shears, Hort's saw and Floriculture's rakes.

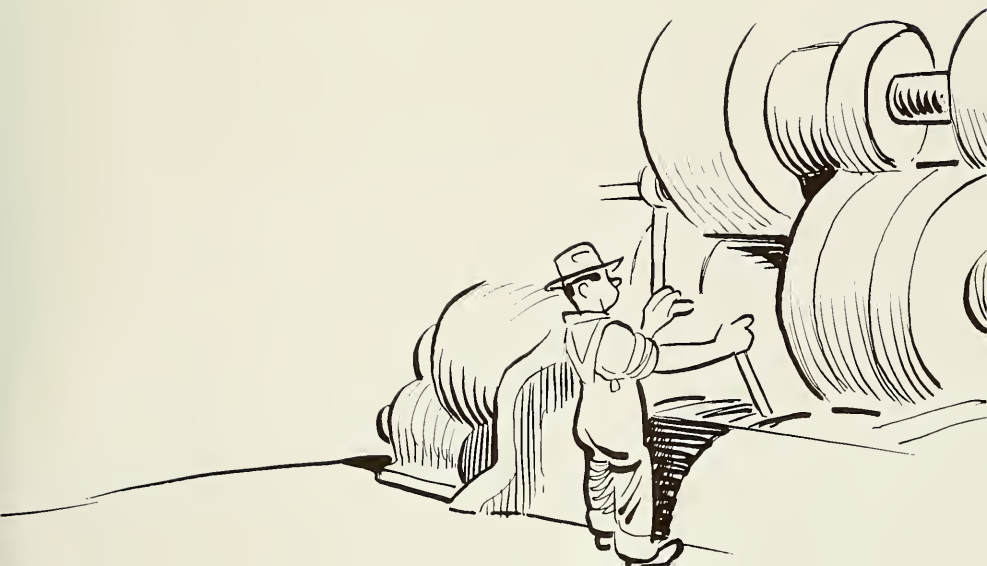
His closest friend on the campus is the Landscape tractor, the Toro. The two are inseparable and it was not uncommon to see him tearing around the campus in sixth gear with his instructor dangling and dancing behind.

The "Shrimp" starred on the football field as center in his Junior year and half-back during his Senior year. He was also a fast, tricky, smart player on the baseball field where he held down second base for two years and third in his last year. He was elected baseball captain during his Senior year.

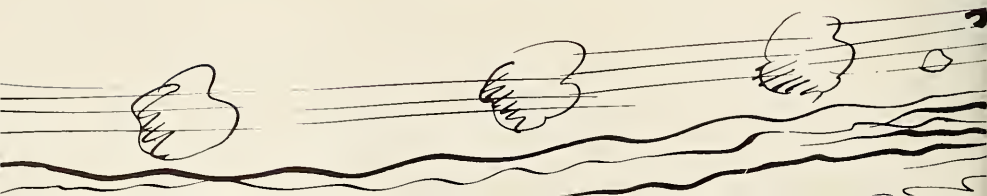
Two sports are not the limitations of Ralph's prowess, for after serving two years on the basketball team he was elected captain in his last season.

Many are the nights that the school was lulled to sleep by the soft melodious notes of a sour trumpet or awakened to the blasting of army bugle calls. The band suffered three years with him and found him to be indispensable.

Due to his shyness we promised not to tell about "Ralphy's" girl friend in Philadelphia. However, this shy-guy is a regular fellow and we are confident that his natural inclination to the beauty of living things will see him through to a successful career in Landscaping.



Josiah Remsburg...



Joe...

Joe is without a doubt the most unaffected, surest, "stick-to-his-guns" fellow we have seen during our three years at the Farm School. No matter how keen the propaganda, no matter how strong the persuasion, Joe cannot be coerced from his decision; "Vogue la Galere."

Although this trait has caused the class much deliberation and sometimes great anxiety, nevertheless he can be thankful for this inherent characteristic has served him well during the first half of the senior year.

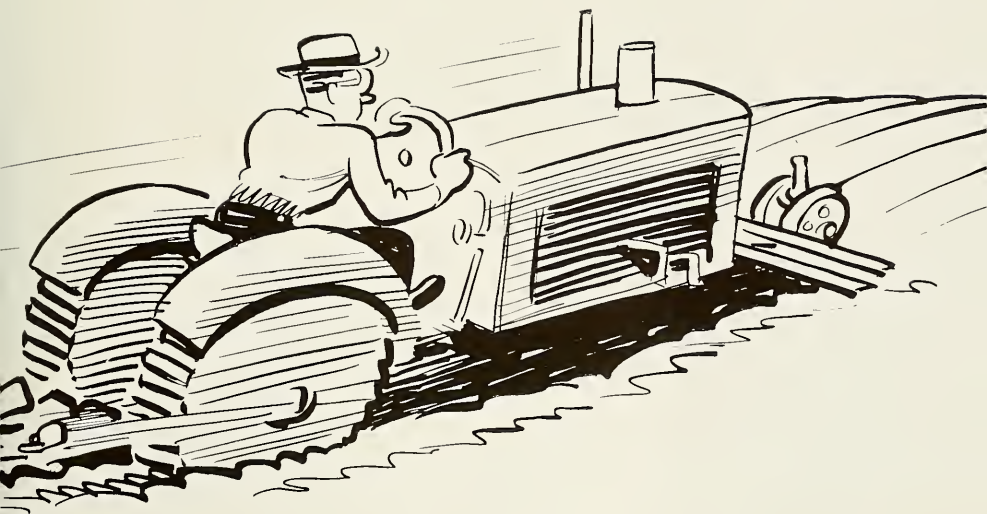
Joe is a diligent worker, dependable and meticulous in his ways. He has freely sacrificed many a vacation in times of need. His integrity is unquestionable and his dependability is unwavering.

Although Joe gives the appearance as easy prey to a glib tongue, we find him sharp-witted, shrewd, and calculating. He is no orator, yet he has never fallen short of words to defend himself when in the right or to censure someone when in the wrong.

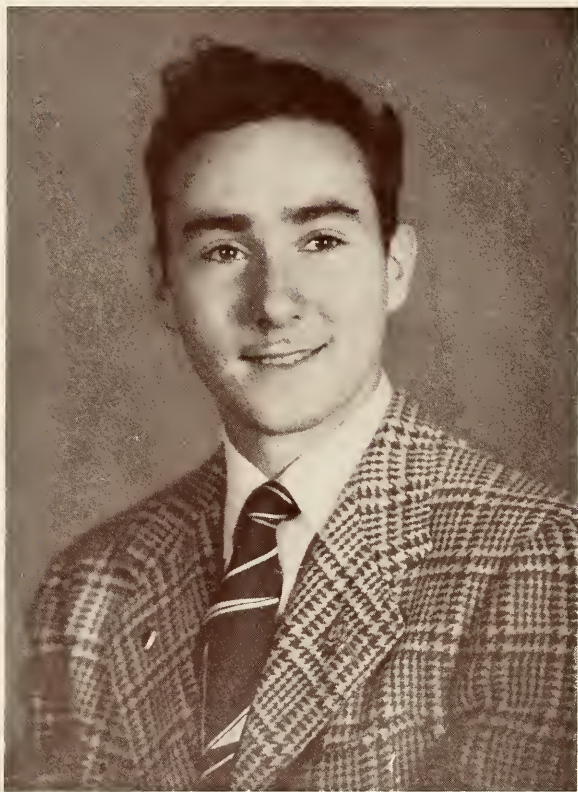
Speed is his mania. In fact, no tractor is geared high enough for him. When apprehended for speeding one day, Joe was cut down to a mere 70 miles per hour as punishment.

Though Joe never uses profanity, (and I mean never), his temper is quick and violent. Being the only senior in the agronomy department, Joe has helped the class greatly by securing special favors and the loan of various implements from the austere Mr. Groman. Joe has contributed his time and energies unflaggingly in every social activity of the class, until that particular job was completed.

In epilogue, may we say that Joe has given his class that extra bit of color which has helped make '45 a more complete and perfect body.



Ray Solomon...



Sechel...

Translated, "Sechel" refers to brains or intelligence. At Farm School it has assumed the propensity of referring to people obsessed with peculiarities; and Ray is certainly living up to his title.

He has two obsessions. The first and foremost is his mania for propagation (plant propagation). Sechel can be found at any time of the day or night making cuttings of every plant conceivable. During field trips to neighboring greenhouses and nurseries, he would stuff his pockets with everything new which he chanced upon.

Science is his watchword! In fact he is so scientific that the new varieties are named before they are generated. Since the desired results of his experiments never materialize, they all bear the same name—"Solomania."

The second obsession of which he is possessed is that of diplomacy. He is second only to Handlesman in this respect. Ray has been active on the Gleaner Staff ever since his entrance to the school. In his senior year he worked himself up to the editorial staff of the magazine, beside class president, band member and council president. He resigned from the latter position after a short time as it seriously interfered with his numerous other activities.

Ray is a good plantsman but a much better poet. It's true that he is very licentious in his writings; but after all that is how all new trends in any field originate.

One thing we must say for him, and that is he will try anything once; though too often he does not stick to what he starts. The Student Council was a place where many of his intrigues became part of school legislation. Because Ray is the youngest of our class, people are placed under the delusion that he is an innocent, naive kid. Ray exploited this advantage to the utmost.

Although he is continuing his studies of Ornamental Horticulture at Ohio State University, we are not certain whether Sechel will be a plantsman, poet, or businessman.



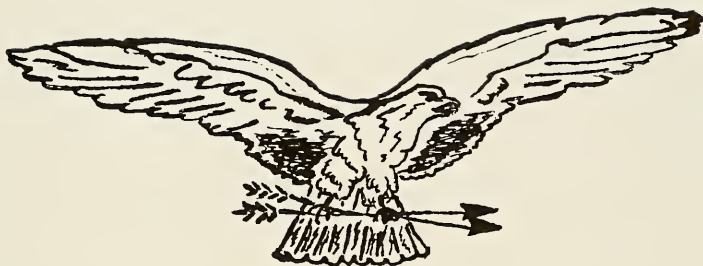


Dr. Krauskopf

I heard your prayer last night, my sons,
I heard you sobbing loud.
May the good Lord cause His light to shine
And drive away the cloud.

I saw you kiss the withered flower
You found in no man's land.
With tender care your heart caressed it,
Torn petals in blood-stained hands.

May the time pass soon for you my sons,
And the gory battles cease,
With the reign of truth, the rule of right,
A world of lasting peace.



IN THE SERVICE

Julius Sprackner Jerry Warshaw

Lou Goldenberg

Bernie Trachtenberg Marty Lynn

Stan Schwartz Bob Kopman Bart Zinata

Al Holtzman Saul Goldstein

Jack Gerson Lou Cohen Ralph Cohen

Buck Mascino Ike Scour

Sid Altman Pinky Snyder

Bernie Silverman

Hal Pomerantz Seymour Mermelstein

Jef Steinman Sid Weinhaus

Nat Kanter Jonah Brown Marty Lakin

Ernest Haber Bud Lewitus

Bruno Brunwasser Moe Pollack

Sam Posner Jimmy Mills

Hal Schneidman Lee Shade



IN CIVILIAN LIFE

Dan Pintauro - Earl Kahn - Al Appel - Marvin Kurland

Dubarb - Mandel - Kwasnick - Justin Scharf - Jack Schwefel



DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON

To the Students and Graduates of the National Farm School:

Never before has the importance of training in agriculture been so universally recognized as during this war period when farm people have been called on to turn out record supplies of farm products. With the limited supply of labor and new farming equipment, increasing reliance has been placed upon improved farming methods as a means of achieving the needed production. These better farming methods are usually the products of research -- research based upon classroom training and carried out in the laboratory or on the farm.

For eight years in a row, American farmers have topped the previous year's food output by setting a new, all-time production record. But we cannot rest on our laurels, for the production objective for 1945 calls for continued high output. Food is needed to feed our hard-working home front and our armed forces. Food is needed also to help feed our allies, just as they are helping us in many instances through reverse lend-lease. In addition there will be demand for U. S. food to help meet foreign relief needs as our armies liberate new areas.

When the war is over there will be an ever-increasing demand for facts and information on agriculture. To meet the demand will require many able and well-trained people -- people who are skilled in research, those who are skilled in classroom teaching, and people who are skilled in the technique of demonstrating to rural people farm and home methods of better living. Because, in the final analysis, the real purpose and the real test of education is better farming and better rural homemaking.

In order for education to serve the people fully it must be free to search for the unbiased truth and free to express that truth. Upon that foundation will be built a stronger agriculture and a happier rural America.

Sincerely yours,

Claude R. Wickard
Secretary

Panorama...



Juniors...

'46

We entered the Farm School as a bold and ambitious class of sixty fellows. After a few months as Freshmen we staged what is still considered the best barn dance the school has yet witnessed. It included a follies entitled: "Mutts to You."

It was during our Freshman year that paddling was abolished. We have since earned the questionable distinction of breaking more traditions than any other class.

However, during the school's darkest days it was a member of our class who kept the student band alive and nursed its growth until it became a distinguished organization of the student body.

We have contributed greatly to the school's morale by conceiving and fostering the program of intra-mural athletics. Since that memorable year 1943 we have dwindled down to a group of six fellows, and more are destined to leave before the termination of our Senior year.

As this Senior year approaches we realize more clearly the responsibilities thrust upon us. Therefore we have planned our Senior activities well in advance. It is our determination to grasp the reins of the social, academic, religious and cultural work of the school and guide with the best of our abilities.

In review of the past we are almost glad of our small numbers because we have learned to live together, not as fellow students, but as brothers.



Freshmen...



The first representatives of the class of '47, which numbered about one dozen fellows, arrived on the campus during the second week of March. We were a young and happy lot, and it wasn't until the call of "Mutt" made us realize that we were more young than happy.

But the gory tales and morbid stories of freshman rules grew to be more of just plain civil government than the tyrannical upperclassman autocracy which we were led to believe existed here.

Though we were small in numbers and green with inexperience, we did not hesitate in getting our class organized; politically, socially, and spiritually for the betterment of the low school morale.

The student population was very low and this scarcity of labor placed a great burden and responsibility upon our class. It took us a while longer than previous classes to acclimate ourselves to the life on a farm, but, considering our average age, which is in the proximity of sixteen years, and the onerous times in which we chose to enter school, we are proud of our progress.

Late in our freshman year we lost several of our older and more prominent buddies. The absence of Kalman Kera, Billy Bell, Nobie Spinola, Leon Shulman, and Howard Strumeyer has left a noticeable gap in our ranks.

There are six seniors, and we are only thirty, but we are cognizant of the job we must perform here at school. We shall not fail!

'47

Gleaner...



The "Gleaner" has played an important part in the history of our stay at The National Farm School.

It has constituted a source of personal pride and enjoyment for the members of the editorial staff as well as the student and outside readers.



VE EDITOR

The standards of the "Gleaner" have been on the upgrade for the past five years and it finally reached even a higher and unthought of goal in its last year. The entrance of more literary material helped bring the publication out of the rut in which it was neither magazine nor newspaper.

Now it has become a magazine of creative writings; a work of art; a place where students may exercise one of the most important rights of their lives—"Freedom of the Press." We need not say more on that. Ray Solomon, Al Danenberg, and Lee Bernstein took the "Gleaner" over after it had been idle for some time and pledged themselves that it would be carried on as one of the most important traditions of this school.

They have started it again with an interest and spirit far in excess of any other activity; and there is enough of that spirit left over so that the "Gleaner" shall always be part of the school and part of the student.

Band...

This, one of the most inspirational activities at Farm School, was revived from its state of inaction by several of the senior band members. The impetus which brought about the reorganization of this activity was originated with Dr. Nusbaum, and its leadership was officiated by Gil Katz of the Junior Class.

With a nucleus of three senior veterans, Moritz, Bernstein, and Solomon, the student band quickly gained in popularity and incorporated many new and capable members into its ranks. The quality and repertoire of the band increased constantly under the instruction of Mr. Frick and the assiduousness of its members.

Of all the activities of the school the band is the step-child, neglected and ignored. (That is, until some festive event calls for its services.) The members of the band deserve special commendation for their unflagging service. They ask for no school time to practice, no rewards for their services, and no praise for their achievements, however small they may be. Their pride is to serve the morale of the student body and the football team during its season; their reward is the enjoyment of their playing.

Our hats off to a group of undaunted spirits who fulfill their part of tradition whenever the occasion calls and whatever their numbers may be.



Varsity Club...



The Varsity Club has suffered greatly due to the decreased student body; yet it has managed to stay alive, to symbolize an idea; an idea to develop when the school has returned to normal enrollment and the many disbanded clubs are revived and rejuvenated.



Jules Sprackner brought this club from a state of dismemberment to an active organization of four men. But when the baseball and football seasons terminated this last year, the club was replenished manyfold with new recruits.

Membership is open only to those serving in any one varsity sport.

In the past this club has sponsored many successful dances, shindigs, outings, debates, intra-mural athletics, and plays, and we are confident that the future will find the Varsity Club again providing excellent enjoyment for its members and the rest of the student body.

Irv Handlesman succeeded Jules as president, and has made every effort to keep the status quo of that organization.

Student Council...

Never in the history of the school has the Student Council ever achieved so much initiative and power as it has during our senior year.

The presidential seat was first occupied by Solomon who conceded to Sprackner; and finally to Irv Handlesman, who now holds that high office.

The Constitution, rules, and by-laws were revised greatly and accepted as such by the administration. The freshman rules were changed and eased up drastically. The Council took over the management of the dining room with regard to the head waiters.

This governing body has gained more respect from the students than at any time during our three years at Farm School; and this can be directly attributed to the fact that the administration finally recognized that this body of legislators could handle any situation arising from the student body and see it thru to completion.

A motion was made that the school needed an automatic record player to instil interest in the social activities of the school. Almost immediately the "joint began to jump" down in the new canteen which, too, was a recent Council project.

The Student Council has played an important role in the Farm School life, and has made conditions under which we live more pleasant.



Football...



Playing with determined aggressiveness and unexcelled coordination, the 1944 football team added another undefeated year to the two previous seasons' record. For our three years at Farm School we have witnessed the history of only victorious football competition. This last year one half of the senior class was on the field: Moritz, Handlesman and Danenberg. The remainder lent spiritual aid in the student band or in the cheering section.

There is little to be said about our football team; the facts speak for themselves; a student body of forty-odd, a squad of thirteen, three scrubs, no scrimmages; the result—every game won in three years and only two games tied.

Ralph Moritz, who played scrub in his freshman year and center in his junior year, held the half-back position in the 1944 squad. Irv played the end post for two years, and gained an admirable record for himself. The list of senior participants in the "Miracle Team" ends with Al Danenberg as center and for the first time on the Varsity.

A fighting team, an excellent coach, and an unparalleled spirit constituted the conquering power which made the "Fighting Hearts" victors in every contest.



Baseball...



The returning birds from the south brought spring, and with spring came the national summer sport—Baseball. Again the lack of experienced players threatened to retard the team's development, but the traditional background of past successful seasons transmitted some of the old spark, and once more the knicker-clad-lads took over the diamond, and began slinging the "old pill" around.

With a lot of time and a great deal more patience the team was molded into well balanced organization by the time of the season's opening game.

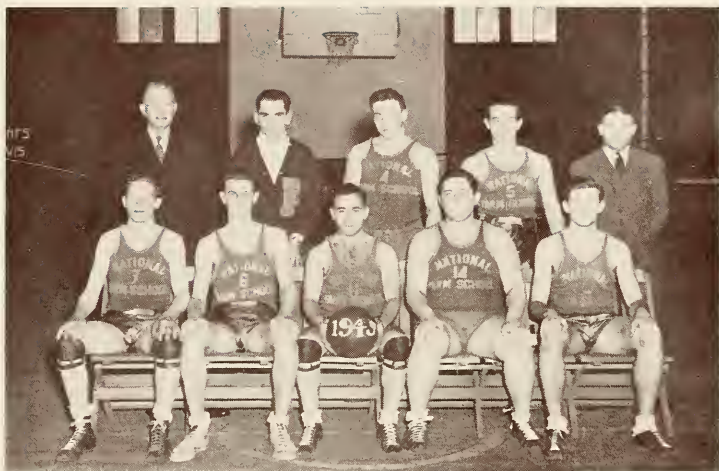
Ralph Moritz, captain of the '44 team held down the "second spot" during his first two years of varsity baseball. And in his third year he took to the hot corner along third base, displaying agility and coordination that led even the inexperienced into "over-their-head-play."

Jules Sprackner, now in the Navy, took over short stop and handled it like a veteran, after his first two years in right field. Al Danenberg took over the receiving after two years of pitching for batting practice. This was his first year on the varsity and the first year behind the plate. Lee Bernstein was relief pitcher.

Graduation will come at the beginning of the '45 series, and we know that we are leaving the old spirit in good hands, and that the first crack of the bat will open an undefeated season.



Basketball...



About the middle of December, the nucleus of a Basketball team took the "hardwood" and began to burn the strings in daily work-outs.

Captained by Ralph "Shrimp" Moritz, the smallest man on the team, the green-clads shaped into a well-organized, well-coordinated, unit.

With his fast-dribbling ball management, shifty court action, and tricky determined defensive play, "Shrimp" set an example that made his teammates hustle to equal. He had an eye for the hoop that earned for him the high-scorer title.

Coach Samuels taught aggressive play, fast-breaking on the offensive and intelligent ball possession. He emphasized a rigid foul-shooting practice every day and advocated a rugged defense, scrapping and fighting for the ball every minute of play.

His defensive set-up was a shifting zone defense with the tallest man in the pivot spot. The ball was worked around the outside in his basic offensive tactics, then shot to the pivot who passed out again or faked and shot the ball in to a man coming in on the side. If these men were tied-up he followed through with a pivot shot.

These fundamentals, together with the old "Fighting Heart" slogan made this team a hard one to contest.



The Canteen...

Sparked by Mrs. Krauskopf, wife of the esteemed founder of Farm School, a new idea was brought to the attention of Mr. Klein, our Director of Student Relations.

This idea was that of a new canteen to take the place of the old Athletic Association store, managed by the students.

Immediately Mr. Klein contacted Dr. Nusbaum and collaboration and plans for the construction of the canteen in the basement of Ulman Hall were formulated. Dr. Nusbaum agreed wholeheartedly on the idea and added his personal views which were carried out and made this project truly outstanding.

Mr. Klein supervised the work of which ninety percent was done by the students under the jurisdiction of Student Council. The remaining ten percent was done by Norman Myers of the maintenance department.

The canteen was the by-product of a nucleus idea of a student cooperative store. All the students worked on the project and are very proud of their achievements. The students also operate this store or canteen which offers a place of relaxation after a day in the fields, a favorite meeting place, and a pleasant atmosphere.

On dance week-ends or at the time of other social gatherings, it is very convenient for it offers refreshments and popular music from the Council's automatic record player.



Exodus...



With eagerness our face is turned
To the future that lies ahead.
But stop we must to shed a tear
In farewell to the life we have led.

For the life we have led was happy,
A clean, unwantingly full one;
And just beyond the horizon
Gleam the rays of a brighter sun.

If hard the road, then tough the going;
Our spirit and strength must not lack.
Then Fighting Hearts We Must Not Be Beat
For there is no turning back.

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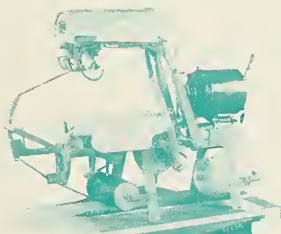
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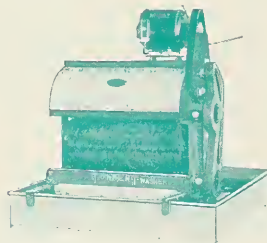
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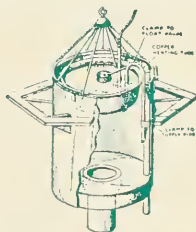
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